

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

Devoted to the Development of Eastern Kentucky.

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

VOL. III.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY NOVEMBER 18, 1887.

NO. 37.

ISAAC W. MAPEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Will practice in all the Courts of Wolfe, Powell, Menifee and Breathitt counties. Titles examined; abstracts furnished; taxes paid for non-residents; real estate bought and sold. Collections a specialty.

JOHN H. EVANS,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Examiner of Depositions for Wolfe County.
Respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

T. SWANGO,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Deputy County Clerk of Wolfe,
Will attend to all business entrusted to him with promptness and dispatch.

J. C. BACK,
Attorney at Law,
JACKSON, KY.
Business attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JO. C. LYKINS,
County Attorney, Real Estate Agent and Notary Public
Practices in all Courts in Wolfe and Adjacent Counties, and Court of Appeals. Collections a Specialty.
CAMPTON, WOLFE COUNTY, KY.

A. C. BAKER,
Attorney at Law,
JACKSON, KY.

D. R. J. A. TAUBER,
Physician and Surgeon,
Jackson, Breathitt County, KENTUCKY.

GEO. E. WHITT,
of Elliott County,
WITH
Henry Knoefel & Co.,
210 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky.
Solicits the patronage of Eastern Kentucky for Blank Books, Blanks, &c.

DAY HOUSE, HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Newly Fitted and Refurnished.
The best of market affords will be found upon the table at all times, and the public patronage is respectfully solicited. Guests will have ice and other luxuries to be had in first-class country hotels. In connection is a fine stable for horses and shed room for vehicles, in charge of good hostler. Pasture age for horses.
MORRIS TUTTLE, Lessee.
MRS. LOU DAY, Matron.

COMBS HOUSE,
CAMPTON, KY.
S. S. COMBS, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table the best, and every attention for the comfort of guests.

J. R. TUGGLE,
WITH
F. G. Ringgold & Co.,
JOBBER OF
Boots and Shoes,
95 and 97 WEST PEARL STREET,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

WORKING CLASS ATTENTION. We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to \$5 per evening, and in proportion to the time they devote to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address **GEORGE STINSON & Co.,** Portland, Maine.

W. H. GILLES,
WITH
MCCORD & AYDELOTT,
Wholesale Hatters,
No. 613 West Main St.,
Louisville, Ky.

SPENCER COOPER, H. C. HERNDON, CHAS. M. FALKEN,
COOPER, HERNDON & FALKEN,
— GENERAL —

Land Agents,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.
Have the following property which they wish to sell at once, and parties desiring to secure bargains will find it to their interest to inspect the property. We will trade some of it to blue grass land. Write us.
No. 1.—73 acres of land on Laurel Creek, Wolfe county, 4 1/2 miles from Hazel Green. Good dwelling house and out buildings, well watered, good timber, fine apple orchard, coal veins, &c.

No. 2.—One two story dwelling built in 1884, containing six rooms, good out buildings, well of never-failing water, beautiful grounds, well set with rare and valuable shrubbery and a fine assortment of fruit, grapes, &c. The best garden to be found in the most desirable dwellings to be found in Hazel Green. Situated on the height leading to the celebrated Sycamore Springs, about midway between the center of town and the Springs.

No. 3.—315 acres of land on Lay Creek 2 miles south of Hazel Green, on main road to Campton, has about 200 acres of good timber, and an inexhaustible quantity of the finest quality of split and bituminous and some fine quality of canal coal.

No. 4.—100 acres of land 2 miles south-east of Hazel Green, fine farming land, 50 acres in cultivation, nearly all bottom land, in good neighborhood and convenient to schools and churches.

No. 5.—500 acres of land, the survey beginning on the Standing Rock, corner of Lee, Powell and Wolfe counties, 10 miles from Campton, on the head waters of the Great Black Fork of Red River. It is entirely covered with a virgin forest of pine, poplar, oak, walnut, hickory and chestnut timber.

No. 7.—40 acres of land, most of which lies in the corporate limits of Hazel Green, on the road leading from town to Swango Springs, joins No. 3 and is known as the Mrs. Elm Finkle tract. Can be laid off into the most desirable town lots in Hazel Green. It is newly fenced and in cultivation.

No. 8.—One house and lot in North-west Hazel Green, near the common school building, good new dwelling, home with four rooms, good outbuildings, garden, &c.

No. 9.—2,000 acres of land on Kentucky River and Frozen Creek, Breathitt county, 7 miles below Jackson, on the surveyed line of the Kentucky Union and Cincinnati and Southern railroads. It is covered with a heavy forest of the finest timber in the State, including oak, walnut, poplar, ash, &c., and is underlaid with inexhaustible veins of canal and bituminous coal.

No. 10.—About 87 acres of land on Lay Creek 1 1/2 miles from Hazel Green, has a good barn, is well fenced, about 30 acres in grass, an apple orchard, some timber, is well watered and is good farming land.

No. 11.—205 acres of land southeast of Hazel Green on Red River, coal bank 32 inches thick, 250 acres of fine poplar, oak and other timber, 35 acres in cultivation, 2 good dwellings and outbuildings, 2 wells of never-failing water and good young orchard.

No. 12.—230 acres on Gillmore Creek, 3 miles south of Hazel Green, good coal and fine timber, good dwelling, barn and outbuildings, fine orchard of 1,000 bearing apple trees.

No. 13.—165 acres on Gillmore Creek, 5 miles south of Hazel Green, good timber and coal, dwelling, barn, orchard, &c.

No. 14.—100 acres on Lower Devil's Creek in Wolfe county, south of Campton on the surveyed line of Kentucky Union railroad, good timber including white pine, poplar, oak, &c.

No. 15.—About 160 acres on Gillmore Creek, 4 miles south of Hazel Green, fully 100 acres of fine timber, value of best quality of split and bituminous coal, good dwelling, barn and out buildings, good farming land.

No. 16.—70 acres on Gillmore Creek, 4 1/2 miles south of Hazel Green, 15 acres good bottom land, an apple orchard of 40 bearing trees, good dwelling house and outbuildings, good well, underlaid with coal, timber suitable for farming purposes.

No. 17.—120 acres on Kentucky River at the mouth of Holly Creek, in Wolfe and Breathitt counties, fine coal developed, and known as the Rose and Hollon coal banks, fine timber.

No. 18.—115 acres on Devil's Creek, Wolfe county, 3 miles southeast of Campton, fine canal coal 7 feet thick, known as the Hobbs coal bank, fine timber.

LOUIS STIX & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS.

— AND —
NOTIONS

THIRD, RACE & UNION STREETS,
Cincinnati.

GRAND OPENING FOR FALL AND WINTER REQUISITES!

AT S. M. BRAUN'S FAMOUS NEW STORE!

New Goods!
Low Prices!

DRY GOODS, LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS, COLORED DRESS GOODS, PLAIN PLAIN, and STRIPED THROATS, all colors, ELEGANT LINE OF LADIES' AND MISSES' NEW MARKETS AND CLOAKS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, FLANNELS, all prices and all qualities. SHAWLS, SHIRTS, BLANKETS, JERSEYS, ETC.

New Goods!
Low Prices!

Underwear.
I am starting this season with over 1,000 dozen of all the staple and standard makes of Merino, Cashmere, Camel's Hair, etc., and will retail single garments for ladies, men and children for less than other and smaller dealers in this town have to pay jobbers for same qualities.

New Goods!
Low Prices!

Unusual inducements in every department in my immense establishment. After spending several days in the markets for merchandise, at prices that touch every pocket and catch every eye, I am prepared to show you goods and prices that are without precedent in this city. My reputation as the leader of low prices shall be unrivaled this coming winter, as every department is filled with new goods, and at prices that will sell them.

UNDERWEAR.

I am starting this season with over 1,000 dozen of all the staple and standard makes of Merino, Cashmere, Camel's Hair, etc., and will retail single garments for ladies, men and children for less than other and smaller dealers in this town have to pay jobbers for same qualities.

New Goods!
Low Prices!

CLOTHING, FINE SUITS, OVERCOATS, ENGLISH MELTONS, DIAGONALS, WORSTEDS, and CORKSCREW SUITS, Hand-Made BOOTS & SHOES, Of all descriptions, MEN'S, BOYS' & CHILDREN'S CASHMERE, HATS AND CAPS, OF ALL KINDS, TRUNKS AND VALISES, COMPANIONS, ETC., ETC.

New Goods!
Low Prices!

I WANT YOUR PATRONAGE!

H. D. ETHERIDGE, B. W. SMOLK, ETHERIDGE & SMOLK, —ARTISTIC— Merchant Tailors,
HAZEL GREEN, KY.

We have located at the above place, and looking being practical tailors, we are prepared to cut and make to order in the best style.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SUITS.
Patterns cut to order, charges reasonable, and satisfaction guaranteed in every case. The patronage of all who want tailor-made clothing is respectfully solicited.
H. D. ETHERIDGE & SMOLK.

Maytown Mill Co.
MAYTOWN, KENTUCKY.

WOOL CARDING, Grinding and Sawing,
Done promptly, and in workmanlike manner.

Flour, Meal, Feed and Lumber,
For sale cheap for cash. Come and see us.
J. L. Dunlap, J. B. Dunlap, W. G. Barrett.

DUNLAP BROS. & CO.,
Wholesale Manufacturers of

SADDLERY, HARNESS, ETC.,
AND DEALERS IN

SADDLERY HARDWARE,
728 and 730 W. Main St.,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
Represented by BOB NUNNELLY

WANTED!
A good agent of either sex in all principal towns and cities in the U.S. to take orders for our new patent low priced solid Bronze or Nickel Door Plates, Door Bells, Street Numbers, &c. From \$100 to \$500 can be made in a very short time. Free outfit cases for samples FREE. Write for proof of what agents are doing and list of unoccupied territory. It will pay you to do so. We refer to the editor of this paper who has purchased one of our plates.

MICHIGAN DOOR PLATE
Grand Rapids, Mich.

OLD PAPERS: 100 for FORTY CENTS, at this office.

INTERNAL REVENUE.
The Amount Each of the Kentucky Districts Has Contributed to the Nation's coffers.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—The annual report of Mr. Miller, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was made public today. The total amount of revenue collected for the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1887, was \$118,829,523. The receipts from the tax on spirits were \$65,829,321, or \$3,262,944 less than during the preceding year. Fermented liquors furnished \$21,922,187 in revenue, or about \$2,000,000 less than the preceding year. Tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, snuff, etc., \$108,067, or \$2,000,000 more than during the preceding year. The oleomargarine tax brought in \$723,949 during the eight months of the fiscal year that it was subject to tax. The cost of collecting the Internal Revenue taxes was about 24 per cent. of the amount collected.

The report of the Commissioner shows that in Kentucky there were \$12,417,529 63 collected by the Collectors of Internal Revenue during the last fiscal year. This amount was distributed among the collection districts as follows: Second district, \$5,251,309 79; Sixth district, \$1,414,341 13; Seventh district, \$1,295,534 19; Eighth district, \$693,769 84. The absence of the First district "C" is accountable by the consolidation of various districts. The number of illicit stills seized in Kentucky during the year by revenue agents was thirty-nine. Thirty-one of these were destroyed, and eight removed. The number of stills in Kentucky registered is 673, of which 610 are operated. Of these 322 are grain distilleries, one molasses and 350 fruit.

Astonishing Success.
It is the duty of every person who has used Boscche's German Syrup to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Whooping Cough, in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 80,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the German Syrup can not be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in the United States and Canada.

To every person who will send us \$9 in cash and nine subscribers, we will send THE HERALD one year free.

New Railroad Connection.
The vote of Bath county in favor of a subscription of \$150,000 to the stock of the Paris, Georgetown and Frankfort railroad is a matter of first interest to Louisville because it opens again to her trade the richest section of the State, which owing to the exigencies of transportation, has ever since our railroad system began its development, been left unconnected to our Cincinnati rivals.

Before the building of the Kentucky Central, which antedated the Cincinnati Southern by a quarter of a century, the Bluegrass country as far as Mayville traded almost exclusively with us. Not quite exclusively, because Mayville was then a jobbing point of no mean importance. The trade of the Bluegrass country was practically divided between this city and Mayville; the share of Cincinnati was too small to be considered. The building of the Kentucky Central railroad changed all this. The building of that road took the Bluegrass trade from both Louisville and Mayville and turned it almost wholly to Cincinnati.

The new road, which the vote of Bath county, following that of Bourbon, Scott and Franklin, assures, will not only put us in convenient relations with the people of those important counties and their trade, but it will open up another route to the riches of Eastern Kentucky, a treasure of which we must receive our share if our city is to hold its own in the race for supremacy.

The friends of the road in Bath say their principal antagonists were the Kentucky Central and the N. & M. V. railroads. This is said but not strange.—Louisville Commercial.

The Western Settler's Chosen Specific

With every advance of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities, on account of the miasma which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria, and those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, which climate changes, exposure, and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. Consequently, he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health, so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.

ALL'S WELL.

Prophetic Hope, thy fine discourse
Foretold not had I life good to me,
Thy painter, Pancy, hath no power
To show how sweet it is to be
Thy witching dance, thy waltz
And plectured scheme
To match the fact still want the power;
Thy promise brave
From earth to grave
Life and bloom may beggar in an hour.
Ask and receive, 't is sweetly said;
Yet what to plead for I know not;
For wish is worsted, hope o'erpowered,
And age to thanks returns my thought.
If I would pray,
I've naught to say
But this, that God may be God still,
For Him to live
Is still to give,
And sweeter than with wish His will.
O wealth of life beyond all thought!
Eternity each moment given!
What plummet may the present sound?
Who promises a future heaven?
Or glad or grieved,
Oppressed, relieved,
In blackest night or brightest day,
Still pours the flood
Of golden good,
And more than mortal bliss me eye.
My wealth is common; I possess
No petty province, but the whole;
What's mine alone is mine far more
Than treasure shared by every soul.
Talk not of store,
Millions or more,
Or values which the name may hold,
But this divine,
I own the mine,
Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold.
I have a saint in every star,
In every beam that fills the day;
All hearts of men my cofers are,
My ones are all the world.
The fields, the skies,
The sweet relief
Of thought to thought are my gold dust;
The oaks, the brooks,
And speaking loads
Of lover's faith and friendship's trust.
Life's youngest tides, joy brimming flow,
For him who lives above all fear,
Who all-mortal makes the now,
And is not to va in time's arena;
His life's a hymn
The seraphim
Might hark to hear or help to sing,
And to his soul
The boundless whole
Is boundless all that daily bring.
"All mine is thine," the sky-sold saint;
"The wealth I am must not become,
Richer and richer, breath by breath
Immortal pain, in mortal room."
And since all his
Mine alone is
Life's gift exclaims my fancy far,
And dreams the dream
In larger arena
As morning dawns the morning star.
—David A. Hanson.

The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt
and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

[Copyright, 1887, by The A. N. Kelley Newspaper Company.]

PART II.—CHAPTER V.

THE CREW WITH THE MUTINEERS.

At first, not a word passed between the three men standing there by the now useless wheel.

The place where the vessel had grounded was not far from the low coast of that part of the island that a man might easily have let himself down by the bows and waded ashore. The water astern was less than two fathoms, and it shoaled rapidly to the shore. The wind had continued so fresh that the headway of the vessel, as she lay hard onto the bottom, when her course was treacherously changed, and at least half her keel was fast in the clay. She lay motionless, slightly careened over to the port side.

The sun was setting. In the brief lull that followed this first stunning blow of the mutineers, Captain Willis anxiously swept the horizon with his glass. The broad Bahama Channel was before him, but the view was here and there cut off by islands.

No sail was in sight.

We have said that at first no word was spoken by the Captain, Crawford, or the mate. The scene was described in the last chapter had passed almost in a flash; but its terrible meaning was perfectly understood. It needed no explanation from the mate to tell the others that Purvis had been murdered for the purpose of disguising the viper whom the Captain had discovered and cherished to his own undoing.

Five minutes passed—dreadful minutes, that seemed like hours. Nothing was as yet stirring forward; not a man was to be seen. Crawford and the Captain grasped each his revolver; the mate had a heavy capstan-bar, which he kept handy since the anchor was weighed. It was his pistol that Crawford had.

The situation was one to require no words, and hardly to allow of words. They realized that a desperate death-grapple was at hand. Each quietly stood and nerved himself for it.

Probably the same anxious question occurred to each of them. They were to contend with four times their own number. They were to fight where defeat meant death! Was there shelter or

protection of which they could avail themselves?

The open deck was before them. As far as amidships there was no shelter save the boats slung at the sides and the slight coop over the cabin stairs. They were useless.

Once the Captain looked inquiringly at Crawford, and pointed down toward the cabin. Crawford shook his head. Without a word, each understood and consented. To seek the shelter of the cabin would be to put themselves at the mercy of the mutineers, like rats in a trap.

A man suddenly appeared above the deck from the forehold—or rather, his head was at first elevated above it, and his hand waved a white handkerchief. "I've got a proposition to make to you, on the part of the crew. If you'll promise to hold your pistols off I'll come out and talk with you."

The voice was that of Louis Hunter. Captain Willis heard it, and ground his teeth with rage.

"Come," was all he could say. "If you won't shoot, I don't know what you are afraid of."

"If you are brief—no."

"Hunter reached the deck, and came hesitatingly aft."

"Halt!" the Captain cried, when he was about a rod away; "what d'ye want?"

"I'd like first to explain myself," said the renegade. "I'd like to have you understand that what I've done has been under compulsion, and only because I was threatened with death. I want to mediate between you and the crew. I believe I can save your lives; at least, I know what they are willing to do. I'll tell you if you'll let me."

"You are an infamous liar, as well as a damnable traitor," the Captain exclaimed. "If ever a man would be justified in breaking his word, I should be now, with such a fiendish scoundrel as you are. I don't know what it is keeps me from putting a ball through you."

Hunter turned very pale, and fell back a step.

"But you are safe for the moment—what do you want?"

"The crew says they will have the ship. I suppose they want to plunder her; they know you have gold in your cabin. They couldn't agree about sailing her, or you'd all been killed in the night, and the ship taken down to the Isle of Pines. They say that if you'll give up your pistols, you shall be safely put ashore."

Captain Willis exchanged a few words with Crawford, while the renegade continued his talk:

"I'd advise you to do it. You've got fire-arms, it is true; but they'll do you little good in close quarters. The crew are desperate; they won't stop for the slightest quarter if you decline their terms. You may kill one or two of them; but your fate is certain. What do you say? Just hand over your pistols to me, and I'll tell them you have yielded."

"Answer him," the Captain said, in a low tone to Crawford. "I can't command myself to do it. I should certainly shoot him before I said ten words."

"Your terms are declined, sir," said Crawford. "We are all agreed that not the slightest harm shall be placed in the crew—and still less in yourself. We expect to die; but we prefer to die like brave men, fighting for our lives, rather than give up our arms and be butchered the next moment. If any of you think that Captain Willis will let his ship, and a lot of mutineers while there was breath in his body, then you don't know the man. This parley has lasted long enough; send on your cut-throats, and we'll meet them. Though we never expect to see you where there's any danger."

"I believe," he muttered with shouts, came up from the hold.

"I care little for your sneers," said Hunter. "You are in a desperate position, and you might save yourselves if you would be advised by me; but if you won't, your blood be upon your own heads. You hear, you crew? I tell you that means that the crew have got at a cask of rum down there, and are priming themselves for their work. For the last time—will you surrender?"

"Back with you!" thundered the Captain. "My patience is exhausted; I'll have no more parley with such as you."

He cocked his revolver and laid it across his arm.

Louis Hunter heard the alarming click, and tarried no longer. Hurrying forward, he ran down the ladder and disappeared.

PART II.—CHAPTER VI.

A FEAST OF BLOOD.

There was no more delay. Fired by their notorious and eager for revenge and plunder, the mutineers rushed up to the deck, headed by the giant mulatto. Even the stowaways, usually spiritless and weak, were now half crazed with liquor, and ready to rush blindly after their leader.

"Don't wait," said Crawford. "These pistols are good for twice the distance. Give them one now."

Both revolvers were discharged at the same instant. The mulatto was

brandishing his knife and shouting to the crew to come on. His towering form was the mark at which both pistols were aimed, and both carried true. He tumbled dead to the deck, with two balls through his body.

With a frantic yell the three remaining negroes rushed aft, knives in hand, the others closely following.

Once more the pistols were heard. One ball broke the arm of one of the Cubans, the other plowed an ugly gash in the cheek of one of the stowaways.

Nine to three the infuriated mutineers bounded upon the little group by the wheel.

There was time for another shot; but both pistols missed fire.

At close quarters there was for three minutes a tremendous, but hopeless, struggle.

The mate, dealing a good blow with his bar, was struck to the heart by a knife.

Captain Willis, struggling to use his revolver again, was seized about the body from behind and thrust half a



THE CAPTAIN MURDERED.

dozen times through the breast. Either of the blows would have killed him.

For a moment Henry Crawford kept his assailants off by the powerful blows of his fists. His pistol had been knocked from his hand as he tried to use it again. Two men fell before his blows, when a cowardly knife thrust went through his back. He turned and clutched the throat of the negro with both hands, when another knife was driven into his side. He sank to the deck.

A yell of triumph went up from the mutineers.

The groans and curses of the wounded also broke forth, making the scene a pandemonium of horrors.

The mutineers then proceeded to the work of plunder. The door of the cabin was broken down, and their insatiable rage was first gratified by the destruction of the furniture and bedding. The lockers were kicked in with both hands, when another knife was driven into his side. He sank to the deck.

A yell of triumph went up from the mutineers. The groans and curses of the wounded also broke forth, making the scene a pandemonium of horrors. The mutineers then proceeded to the work of plunder. The door of the cabin was broken down, and their insatiable rage was first gratified by the destruction of the furniture and bedding. The lockers were kicked in with both hands, when another knife was driven into his side. He sank to the deck.

"Divide—fair play!" several shouted. One of the negroes poured out the gold in a glittering heap on the table.

As he regarded it with blood-shot eyes, he looked like a fiend from the pit. Angry faces, flaming with drink, gathered round, and some hands clutched the knives again.

"Bring more drink!" shouted the fellow who had taken the division upon himself. "More drink, and we'll divide."

In a few minutes a great bucketful of the fiery liquid was brought into the cabin, and each man took a draught from the tin dipper.

Then they crowded around the table. Their red eyes glared like the eyes of wild beasts. Their breath came thick and short, and their hands eagerly clutched the gold pieces that were one by one dealt round to them.

At such a time and under such conditions it needed but a spark to cause an explosion.

Two pieces were accidentally handed to one of the Cubans at once. Half a dozen voices demanded that one of them be given back. The man refused, with an oath; the negro who was making the distribution leaped over the table, seized him by the shirt, and plunged his knife into his heart.

In the twilight obscurity of the cabin the scene that followed could be likened to nothing but a raging hell. The table was overturned and the gold was scattered to the corners of the cabin, while the human demons eagerly sought to clutch it. They cut and thrust with their knives; they cursed and screamed; they rolled and fought upon the floor. Horrid gashes were given and received; blood gushed in pools upon the floor. The tumult was dreadful but brief. Some lay dead, others were mangled by exhaustion and the stupor of drunkenness. Silence presently prevailed.

The moon rose in placid splendor upon that scene of horror and desolation. The wind had died away, leaving only the low swell of the sea. The cabin lay grounded and motionless when the bright moonbeams poured into the cabin and flooded the deck. Dead bodies were everywhere, and everywhere blood.

PART II.—CHAPTER VII.

THE END OF HOPES.

While this tumult of strife and slaughter had been raging, the arch-plotters of the mutiny were safely hidden down in the hold among the casks and bales. Deliberately calculating on the sure result of plunder and drink on the unbridled passions of the crew, and fearing lest the blind rage of some of them might be turned against himself, he kept hidden until all was quiet again. Then he cautiously ascended to the deck, and made his way forward.

The body of the mulatto lay sprawled out by the hatches. That of Purvis lay near it. He stepped over them and passed on. Near the stern he paused and looked for a moment at the ghastly scene there disclosed. Captain Willis and the mate lay on their backs, their dead faces turned up to the sky; Crawford lay upon his breast, his face resting on his folded arms.

Hunter descended the cabin-stairs. One of the bodies had fallen against the door, and continued pushing with his shoulders was necessary to open it. Inside, the horrid scene disclosed by the light of the moon, from which most men would have fled in affright, seemed to make hardly an impression upon him.

He had come for the small part of the Captain's gold that was there. He would have it, though every coin was wet with blood!

What was left it might be asked. A very find in human form—a man only in shape?

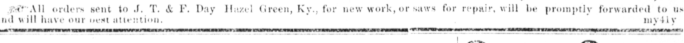
We can only say that nature does sometimes make such men as Louis Hunter. The depravity of a person's ancestors for generations past does at times seem to have descended to one common heir. The lust of gold that had been kindled in this man's heart, the mad fires of revenge upon a successful rival in love, had stimulated him to the engineering of the atrocious deeds that we have recorded; nor was his hellish record yet complete.

Inside the cabin, he stepped briskly about it, scooping up the scattered gold and putting it into the canvas sacks. In his careful search for the coins he moved aside the bodies, and one of the dead men, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly begged for water. His fingers clutched a gold coin. Hunter tore it from him, but paid not the least attention to his moans. In his groping over the floor for the gold pieces, his hands became wet with moon, feeling his hands, received a little and pitilessly

FRIDAY, November 18, 1887.

If you are suffering with weak or inflamed eyes, or granulated eyelids, you can be quickly cured by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve. 25 cents a box. Sold by G. B. Swango, Hazel Green.

ADVERTISERS
of others, who wish to examine
this paper, or obtain estimates
on advertising space within Chicago, will find it on file at
45 to 49 Randolph St.,
Incorporated under the name of
LORD & THOMAS



Call on me, and you can save Big Money. I'll divide profits with you. **G. B. SWANCO.** Reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. Stable in connection with Day House. J. M. PIERATT.

THE HERALD

Has a larger circulation in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky than any paper in the State and merchants and others wishing to secure the trade of Eastern Kentucky, will find it THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Advertising Rates.

25¢ Transient advertisements, 75 cents an inch for first insertion; 25 cents an inch for each subsequent insertion.

STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS: 1 inch, 1 year, \$5.00; 1 inch, 1 year, \$15.00; 1 inch, 1 year, 9.00; 1 inch, 1 year, 17.50; 1 inch, 1 year, 12.00; 1 inch, 1 year, 20.00.

Special rates on larger advertisements; local notices 5c a line, with 5 per cent off for long time.

Marriage and death notices free; tributes of respect and obituaries 5 cents a line.

Announcements of candidates for State or District offices, \$10; County offices, \$5; calls on persons to become candidates and their answers, 5 cents a line. Payable invariably in advance.

No name will be entered upon the subscription book until paid for, and all subscriptions are stopped at expiration of time paid for, notice of which will be indicated by a crossmark (X) on the margin in front of your name. A prompt renewal will insure its continuance.

SPENCER COOPER

GARRISON, HE SELLS CHEAP

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

STOVES,

TINWARE, CUTLERY,

25 MONCIE PEOPLE,

MT. STERLING, KY.

HERE AND THERE.

Look out for the Red X Cross on your paper. It denotes that your time is up, and unless renewed at once the paper will stop coming.

John H. Pieratt moved into his new house Monday morning.

Capt. B. E. Roberts, the popular dry goods man was in town yesterday.

John H. Davis and wife returned Sunday from a two-weeks visit to White Oak.

An interesting letter from Patey, East Kentucky came too late for publication this week.

David Morse arrived here from Paris, Tenn. last Wednesday night. He says Mrs. Morse is no better.

The stock sales Wednesday were well attended, but owing to the continued dry weather, the sales were few.

W. H. Gillis, traveling man for the hat house of McCall & Giddell, Louisville, spent Sunday in Hazel Green.

Rev. A. F. Erb will preach at the Town Ward school house, in Morgan county, on the fourth Sunday in this month.

George Rice has decided to build a carpenter shop in town. He thinks he will hardly get time to go home any more this winter.

Capt. H. J. Clark, representing the Sievers-Carson Hardware Co. of Louisville, was in town Saturday and Sunday, leaving on Monday.

Taylor Ringo, of Menzies county, has bought of W. O. Mize the property recently vacated by J. H. Pieratt, and will move to it in a few days.

All who have read our Campton letters last week and this are convinced that the "domestic animals," of that town, are good stock and well trained.

A letter addressed to THE HERALD and postmarked Ezel, Oct. 21st was received here Nov. 12th, making a distance of ten miles in thirteen days. It must have been on a "bender."

Read the advertisement of Ed S. Riggs, dry goods and notion merchant of Lexington. He advertises bargains that are worth going after, and we guarantee that all who visit his store will be well treated.

Rev. J. T. Pieratt will assist in holding Thanksgiving services at the Greasy school house, Morgan county, next Thursday. After services he will assist in deconing the good things that may be prepared for the occasion.

THE HERALD and the Weekly Clinch and Enquirer, our friends for \$2.00. It strikes us that this is the best combination yet made, and if it hits you the same way, send us \$2.00 in cash and you will get both papers for twelve months.

We have received several communications lately without the signature of the writer, all of which were assigned to the waste basket. Correspondents will please bear in mind that we will not publish a communication unless we know who the writer is.

Kelly B. Day, who has been attending the Commercial College at Lexington for the last three months, returned home Saturday, looking as fat, hearty and good natured as ever. We guess Kelly could learn us a trick or two in the art of book keeping now.

Any and everything that can be executed with new type, first class presses and fine paper, in the hands of skilled mechanics, may be had at this office at about city prices. It will pay any man in Eastern Kentucky to get his printing at THE HERALD office. Send for estimates, and state exactly what you want.

The Board of Medical Examiners for the 10th Judicial district will meet at Campton on the second Monday in January, at the first day of the Wolfe circuit court, for the purpose of examining all who desire to qualify themselves for the practice of medicine. The law on this question is very severe on those who practice without authority, and we understand that it is the intention of parties interested to see that the law is hereafter strictly enforced. Our advice to all who want to peddle pills is to begin now and prepare for the examination in January so as to comply with the law.

A gentleman who formerly peddled beef and mutton and ran a lively stable in this place, and whose name we are not at liberty to give, in a private letter from West Liberty says: "Send my regards to you as usual. Without it I could not digest a darn" thing eat; could not sleep sound unless I read it; drives away the blues, and a thousand things too tedious to mention. In fact, I consider it a sure cure for consumption, fever and ague, heart disease, headache, &c., &c."

If you expect to make Xmas or wedding presents, and desire anything in the jewelry or silverware line, we think we can make it interesting to buy now. We have plain substantial goods, fancy articles, and novelties, and will sell for a very small profit, as we can duplicate them before Xmas. Gold watches and diamonds at prices no one can duplicate. Oris W. Snider, the manufacturing jeweler, Lexington, Ky. Write for prices.

On the first page of this paper will be found the advertisement of "S. M. Braun's Famous New Store." Mr. Braun is a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the people, and is prepared to furnish them with everything in his line at the lowest living prices. Read his advertisement now, and when you go to Mt. Sterling call on him.

"One dollar for thirty-nine cents," is the way advertisement of Louis and Gus Straus starts off in our paper this week, and knowing these gentlemen as we do, we do not hesitate to say that they will do just what they say. When you visit Lexington call on them.

Rev. Leander Lacy will begin a meeting at the Gillmore school today and continue over Sunday. He will also begin a meeting at the Frank Johnson school house next Tuesday and continue several days.

CAMPTON.

[Special Correspondence.]

CAMPTON, Nov. 14.—In our last week's HERALD article signed "Red X" commenting upon the education and training of the domestic animals of Campton, I could not tell from his article whether he, himself, was a quadruped or biped. My information at the time was that his grandmother had the same name that the father of the domestic had and were brother and sister, and the father of "Red X" was a girl. Now with these ancestors I would like to know whether he is a snipe or bat. He speaks of the Jackson quadrupeds having much to say about this domestic who fills some important positions in our town. He would have had much more to say if he could have seen a domestic that was part bird and quadruped driving a carriage, we suppose with his quadrupedness team, through the streets of Jackson. I know of no other form of domestic of this cross could have. Notwithstanding his quadrupedness form he has been a teacher in our common schools, a prominent candidate in our county for office, one of the examiners of the board of education, and has recently obtained law license. He now clerks in a dry goods store. Yet, with all his great experience, he has the impudence to say that the "domestic tries to make it appear that his church has been very badly treated by the Methodist church." Now this animal is so closely allied to the domestic animal that he speaks of, that I will not say that he misrepresents him intentionally, but will say that he has the worst misunderstanding of any animal of his cross that I know of. The domestic thanked the Methodist church for past favors and spoke kindly of them. He did not call them "rangers," as they are often called by the Catholics, but the trustees of the Methodist church did hesitate to call the Christian brethren Campbellites in their explanation why they preached every Sunday at this place. I am not a member of the Christian church at this place, therefore I will give the facts as I understand them from the Methodist church: The preacher in charge of the Methodist church gave up his appointment on the first day and hour that the Methodist brethren had heretofore given to the Christian church to hold their meetings. S. S. Combs, elder of the Christian church, went to Elder Deane and asked him in regard to his church holding their meetings in the Methodist church. Deane's answer was, "You can hold your meetings in the church at two o'clock p. m. until the court house is completed, when one or the other can go to the court house." Elder Combs then had a talk with G. T. Center, one of the trustees of the Methodist church. Center said, "I will give you an answer in a few days." I heard Combs tell Center, after the sermon by Prof. Erb in the Masonic hall on Saturday night, the 5th inst., that he had never received an answer from him yet. "Red X" knows the nature which God has implanted in the animal of which he speaks, for he is a close relative of him. This being true, he must have the audacity of the devil who he says, "Greatly to his chagrin and surprise the congregation was divided into two halves and the Methodists had both of them." Now, he ought to have known that the "animal" did not expect many at his church, as there are only five members of his church within the corporate limits of Campton. I hope to see an article from some good correspondent of THE HERALD commenting upon the high position my brother and feathered cousin may hold at no great distance in the future. I have no doubt in my mind that he will reach the topmost round in the ladder of fame, if he will not allow his bristles and feathers both to get up at the same time. I will say to those who are not acquainted with this kind of an animal, that he is sociable and pleasant in his manners, but a very sensitive creature. When the Gem man said something of his town that he did not like, he chirped loudly, and when the "domestic" said something about his favorite church, he squealed vehemently. He says, "This is the first time in life that I ever heard of a people holding a religious body responsible for what a domestic said. I write this as a compromising article between 'Red X' and the domestic. I am yours,

A COUSIN TO RED X.

CAMPTON, Nov. 14.—Mrs. George Hieronymus, of Lee county, was the guest of her brother, W. H. P. Duff, Thursday last. Mrs. Isaac Ellis has been suffering for some time with throat disease. Miss Nannie Davis is visiting relatives in Lee county. Rev. Wm. Combs and brother, Alfred, spent Thursday night with relatives in town. They were on their way to Breathitt to attend the funeral of his father, S. S. Combs of this place accompanied them. Miss Mollie Lacy, of Lacy Creek, is the guest of Mrs. Rachel Stumper. Rev. Wm. Combs preached in the Methodist church Thursday night. He is a Baptist preacher, and promises to come again soon. His friends will be glad to have him with them. There is some talk of building a Christian church at this place. We trust the Christian brethren may be enabled to do so, as it will put an end to contention and improve the looks of the town. Mrs. Eliza Hogg is on the sick list. Misses Zelma and Alice Swango were visiting friends in town Saturday and Sunday. C. C. Crawford, of Breathitt, was in town Saturday and Sunday.

SPRADING.

SPRADING, Nov. 12.—There has been a Farmers' Alliance organized at this place (Bethel) nearly four months. We started out with about ten members, and now have thirty-seven, with several petitions waiting for next meeting. Our body is composed of some good material, all wool, warp and twill, divided and twilled. The most of our members are highly pleased with the idea of our business. We do earnestly hope that we have not a member enrolled on our books that does not feel interested in this noble and noble cause, and who will not take stock and show to the world that he is laboring for monopolists. Let us get on the whole armor of faith and resolve to work out the problem of the future, and may the God of infinite mercy so direct our efforts that we may be able in the future to enjoy some of the fruits of our labors, and may it ever prove a blessing, not only to us, but to our children.

H. D. Sprading & Son have moved their flouring mill to Frenchburg, where they will do a good business.

Married—Thursday last, Thomas Brewer to Miss Lou Culbertson. We wish them a pleasant life.

COX'S MILL.

COX'S MILL, Nov. 12.—John Cox, of this place, and George Drake, of Campton, left yesterday for Greenvale, Ky., and Ironton, Ohio. The former will purchase a homestead while about.

A jolly crowd, consisting of Misses Ida Swango, Lucy Cox, Mollie James, Louellen Cox, Mollie Kash, Margaret Landrum and Etta Swango, and Henry Pieratt, Rollin Kash, Chap Swango, Jim James, Ellis Johnson, Tom Lykins and Mort Pieratt were the guests of A. B. Swango Saturday night last. It was the merriest crowd that ever visited Lacy Man's Haven.

Mrs. Jennie Cox returned home last Monday from a visit to Montgomery county.

Mrs. Kate McSwain, the sister of Mrs. Eliza Kash, of Hazel Green, yesterday died—A small child of Harvey Chenault on last Friday. It was buried at the graveyard of Wm. McNabb Sunday.

Duck Cration, of Clifty, has been in our midst for the past week.

Misses Margaret Landrum and Lucy Cox left today for Menzies county to visit relatives.

GILLMORE.

GILLMORE, Nov. 14.—Died, on the 13th inst., Hannah Graham, wife of N. B. Graham. It will be remembered that Mrs. Graham had been in bad health for several years, and her death was not unexpected. She was a good christian woman, and one whom every body loved: She leaves a husband, two children and many friends and relatives to mourn her loss. She will be interred today.

One Mr. Hays is passing himself as a post

Watch This Space FOR BARCANS.

They will crop out here from time to time in paying quantities. Here are a few nuggets for this week:

Lot of Plain and Plaid Silk Windsor Ties at 18c, worth 25c. 30 doz. Linen Damask Towels at 18 and 22c, worth 25 and 35c. 16 doz. Gents' Unlaundried Shirts, linen bosom, reinforced front and back, patent back and stay and well made at 37 1-2c each. 13 doz. Gents' Fine Seamless Wool Half Hoes at 25c, worth 35c. Gents' Underwear in white, red, gray and fancy, at 20, 25, 50c to \$1.75. Gents' Knit Cardigan Jackets, Flannel Shirts, Gloves and Mitts. Gents' Linen Cuffs, 15c pair; late style Collars 10c; Silk H'd'k's. Beautiful Toboggan Caps, Knit Coats, Hoods, Mitts, Leggings, &c., &c.

You will find here numerous Novelties, which are pleasing to the sight and cheap

ED S. RIGGS,

No. 7 West Main Street, Lexington, Ky.

J. T. & F. DAY, HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.

Wholesale and Retail.

Largest Stock. Lowest Prices.

Heavy invoices arriving daily, and stacks upon stacks of goods to meet every department of trade.

Live Stock, Country Produce and School Claims received in trade on notes, accounts or merchandise.

J. T. & F. DAY.

A Young Wife Said to Her Husband,

"My dear, I dreamed last night that you were an Angel. What is that a sign of?"

"A foul stomach," was his unpoetic answer.

People who have no such pleasant night visions, and awake feeling as though they had had no rest—nerves all unstrung, wondering "What on earth is the matter with me," would better take some simple treatment in TIME. Persons will neglect themselves, and put off treatment until their health is gone.

What would you think of the authorities of a great city with its miles of sewerage to take away the filthy accumulations of streets and alleys allowing the sewerage to "choke up" and spread contagion and poisonous gases from decaying matter to blight that city by disease? Yet your course is just as UNWISE. The human body is well provided with all that is necessary to carrying off the "unclean," and you allow it accumulate and decompose, bringing all manner of ills to the flesh. An old Chinese proverb is, "Keep your feet warm, your head cool and your bowels open." Make a memorandum of this and try it, and if you don't keep well there is no truth in the world.

CALVERT'S Little Liver PILLS

Will do the business for you. Sold and guaranteed by

J. T. & F. DAY, Hazel Green, Ky.

J. M. PIERATT & BRO., Ezel, Ky.

J. N. VAUGHN, Campton, Ky.,

And all General Stores in Eastern Kentucky.

B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S

ESTABLISHED 1842. It is now nearly 50 years since this medicine was offered as a remedy for Worms, and from that time its popularity has steadily increased until it is now a household name. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all cases of Worms, and is sold by all druggists and general stores.

VERMIFUGE

Many a helpless child has been cured of its sufferings by the timely use of B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy for all cases of Worms, and is sold by all druggists and general stores.

Having used the original "B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge" in my practice for many years, I have no hesitancy in recommending it as a remedy which is safe, reliable and effective in all cases where a Vermifuge is needed.

J. E. SCHWARTZ & CO., B. A. Fahnestock & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., Sole Proprietors.

H. J. CLARKE,

WITH

Sievers-Carson

HARDWARE CO.

637 West Main Street,

LOUISVILLE.

NOTICE.

All persons wanting blacksmithing of any or all kinds, wagons made or repaired, bugles, spring wagons, plows, staked cutting and harness, iron plates, and all other work and bid, hoes, mattocks, and brass shed in the best style, call on

T. L. & DAVIS, Hazel Green, Ky.

Anger Lurks Among the Honeyed Things of Earth.

BROOKLYN. 11/7.—Dr. Talmage preached a sermon this morning, the subject of which was, "Forbidden Honey," the text being 1 Samuel xiii. 18. "I did but test

Corrupt literature is doing more to-day for the disruption of domestic life than any other cause. Elopements, marital intrigues, sly correspondence, fictitious names given a 'post-office windows, clandestine meetings in parks, and at ferry gates, and in hotel parlors, and conjugal perjuries are among the damnable results. When a woman, young or old, gets her head thor-

Now, I find on some of the liquor signs in all our cities the words "Old Crow," a highly suggestive of a carcass and the filthy raven that swoops upon it. "Old Crow." Men and women without numbers slain of rum but unburied, and the evil is pecking at their glazed eyes, and pecking at their bloated cheeks, and pecking at their destroyed manhood and womanhood, thrusting beak and claw into the mortal remains of what was once gloriously alive, but now morally

is based on his hip pocket and said to me the substance of: "I have there the value of the horse, the value of the race, the value of what was the matter? Well, street. Of the vast majority who are victimized you hear not one word. One great stock firm, one great bond firm, one great insurance company discuss their fraud or their disaster, and we are presented with their pictures and their biography. But where are the thousands of first-class, second-class and third-class victims? Where are the hundreds unknown men sink with the men. The great steamer goes down, and all the little boats are swallowed up." I said: "I have seen a man gambling, whether in stocks or in horse races, breakfasts, or dice or race-track betting, exhilaration at the start, and a raving and a raving and a raving and a raving and a sacrificed property, and a sacrificed property, and a sacrificed property, and a sacrificed property at the last. Young man, buy no lottery tickets, purchase no prize packages, do not play any of the games, or yacht-racing, or polo, or football, or anything else."

The seed dies into a new life, and so does
our flower, MacDonald.

Pennsylvania shows more than
ty volumes on scientific subjects at
the American Exhibition in London,
published by the State or by Penn-
sylvanians.

The seed dies into a new life, and so does
our flower, Mac Donald.

The seed dies into a new life, and so does
our flower, Mac Donald.

The seed dies into a new life, and so does
our flower, Mac Donald.

The seed dies into a new life, and so does
our flower, Mac Donald.

